

Ovidius Naso.

HIS REMEDIE OF LOVE.

Translated and Intituled to the Youth of
England.

Plautus in Trinummo.

..... Mille modis Amor

Ignorandu'st, procul adhibendus est, atq; abstinendus.

Nam qui in Amore precipitavit, peius perit, quam si saxo saliat.



LONDON

Printed by T. C. for John Browne, and are to be sold
at his shop in Fleetstreet, at the signe of
the Bible. 1600.

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THE REMEDY

OF LOVE

AND THE ART OF
LIVING

BY J. J. J.

THE AUTHOR OF
THE ART OF
LIVING



LONDON

Printed by J. J. J.
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in the Year 1800



TO HIS SOME- times Tutor, at all times

deereſt friend, M. I. better reward
for his deſerts. &c.



*Haue liued to be the cauſe of thy wrong;
I may liue to doe thee right; the firſt by
caſualtie, contrary to my deſire, the lat-
ter voluntarily, according to thy de-
ſert. Accept therefore theſe few lynes,
whatſoeuer they are, and howſoeuer at-
tirde, yet as true witneſſes of my euer-
laſting loue. If they ſeeme vnpolliſht (as I feare) hide
them, for thou gaueſt them their beginning: If poſſeſſing
any thing of worth or pleaſure, (as yet I hope) ioy in it, and
enioy it, for thou wert the firſt moouer of my Muſes circu-
lar conceits, which had neuer beginning but by thee, and
neuer ſhall ende, but in thee: and whatſoeuer they doe, all
ſhall be for thee. Farewell.*

Times trueſt child.
F. L.

*This poem was entered on the
Stationer's Book, Decr 25, 1599.*



The first booke of *Ouidius Naso*,
intituled

The Remedie of Loue.

I

WHen *Loue* first read the title of this booke,
Wars, wars, against me now are wag'd (q; he)
O dayne thy Poet of a milder looke,
Condemne him not, that from offence is free.
VWho euer was *Loues* vowed Ancient,
Bearing his cullers with a true intent.

2

Not I *Tydides*, by whose cruel speare
Thy mother wounded, on *Mars* foming steeds
Fled into heauen, full of carefull feare,
Others sometime, in bitter fancy bleeds,
But I still burne: *If thou the question moue*
What now I do? I answere also Loue.

3

Yea, I haue taught how thou mightst be obtaind,
So learning reason, how to bridle force:
Yet not to thee, nor to mine Arts, containd
In papers, proue I foe without remorse.
Ne yet my Muse doth labour to vntwist,
Her old spun webbe, that doth of *Loue* consist.

A 3

He

The Remedie of Loue.

4

He that hath built his fancie to his minde,
He happie loues, and happie liue he still;
Still fill thy sayles with that thrice prosperous wind;
But if thou be subiected to the will

Of any tyrant, or vnworthy mayd,
Least that thou perish, search our Arts for ayd.

5

VVhy, why should any basely hang and die?
To giue an instance of their desperate loue:
Or, why should any with such crueltie,
By selfe-inflicted wounds their soules remoue?
So thou that onely doest in peace delight,
Shalt gayne suspition of a murtherous wight.

6

If then he be, who least he scapes the snare;
And leaues to loue, must also leaue to liue;
O let him in due time thereof beware,
O let him leaue to loue, and leaue him giue.
Thus loue shall be esteem'd liues deere friend,
Not cursed author of a desperate end.

7

Thou art a child, nor ought childhood fits,
But games, sports, playes, then game, sport, play;
Such gentler rule, becomes such childish wits:
Thy childish wit, that no high things must way.
Thou in thy wars maist naked arrowes vse,
Yet such as shall no deadly wounds infuse.

Let

The Remedie of Loue.

8.

Let old Stepfathers war with sword and speare,
And in a Sea of blood win victorie:
Vse thou thy mothers fight, that yeelds no feare,
Nor for the sonnes losse makes the parent crie.
Let doores be broken in thy nocturne Iarres,
And be adorn'd with garlands midst those warres.

9.

Let men and maidens take their sports by stealth,
Let maidens vse their words with cunning art:
Now let them kindly send their Louers health,
And suddenly with chiding wound their hart.
And barring fast the doores, shut out their loue,
VVhere let them waile, and yet no pitie moue.

10.

These warres shall please thy gentle humor best,
In these teares shalt thou sport, not caus'd by death;
Death shall not see thy Torches at her feast,
Nor morning funerals thy fiers breath.
Thus hauing said, Loue shooke his golden wings,
And bid me end the worke my pen begins.

11.

Come then sick youth vnto my sacred skill,
VVhose loue hath fallen crosse vnto your minde:
Learne how to remedie that pleasing ill,
Of him that taught you your owne harmes to finde.
For in that selfesame hand your helpe is found,
VVhence first ye did receiue your careful wound.
So

The Remedie of Loue.

12

So th'earth which yeelds vs herbs of souerain grace
Doth nourish weeds, of vertue pestilent;
The burning nettle chuseth oft her place,
Next to the Rose, that yeelds so sweete a sent.

Achilles Speare, that wounded his sterne foe,
Restord him health, & curde the greuous blow.

13.

Now what prescriptions we do giue to men,
Maides thinke them spoken vnto you likewise:
To both parts we giue weapons, vse them then
With secret Art, and with discretion wise.

Of which if ought you finde that seemes not fit,
Know in examples many things are writ.

14

And profitable is our Argument,
To quench that secret and consuming flame:
To free thy minde from sin and ill intent,
To loose those bands that drew thee into shame.

Phillis had liu'd had I her Tutor been,
That three times thice walkt path she oft had seen.

15.

Nor *Dido* dying from her stately Tower,
Should haue beheld the *Troians* thence to flye:
Sorrow should not haue had so strong a power,
To cause the mother do her owne to dye.

Tereus though *Philomela* might him please,
Should not through sin a graundsiers title seaze.

The

The Remedie of Loue.

16.

Giue me *Pasiphae*, she shall cease to Loue
The filthy shiape of that straunge monstrous beast,
Bring *Phadra* forth, and I will soone remoue
Her deepe incestuous lust, that neuer ceast.

Liude *Paris*, *Hellen* he should not desire,
Nor shuld the *Greekes* waste *Pergamus* with fire.

17.

Had wicked *Scylla* read our argument,
Nisus should not haue lost his fatall haire;
Ile teach you to assuage the greedy bent
Of burning lust, and make the weather faire:
Ile steare your Ship aright in seas of loue,
And from each rock I will you safely moue.

18.

Ouid was to be read with studious care,
When first your loue began with fruite to growe,
Ouid is to be read, in your ill fare,
When first your loue with deep disdain shal flowe.
I do professe to gaine your libertie,
Then follow me, reuenge your miserie.

19.

Be present o thou Prophet, Poets praise,
Phisicks first finder out, and nurse alone;
Crowne me professing both, with lasting bayes,
For both are vnder thy protection.

Raine siluer shewers of skill into my brest,
That I may shewe each wretch the way to rest.

B

Whiles

*Appellamus
medecine &
Poëtes
Densio-
vocat.*

The Remedie of Loue.

20.

Whiles well thou maist, and ere that secret warre
Be thoroughly kindled in thy troubled minde,
If thou repent, ô run not on too far,
Retire, ere greater cause of grieve thou finde.

Tread down the starting seeds of springing wo,
And turne thy Steed, ere he vntamed grow.

21.

Delay giues strength, time ripens the greenest grape,
And makes corn stiff, that was a weak spring-weed:
The greatest tree that farthest spreads his sape,
Was first a wand, or but a litle seed. (soone broke,
Then mought it be thrown down, drawne vp,
Now stands it stiffe, & conquers euery stroke.

22.

Consider first, where thou dost thrall thy hart,
To whom thou vowest thy seruice and thy loue,
And if the burthen cause thine inward smart
From out the yoke with speed thy neck remoue:
Stop the beginning, for Phisick comes too late,
When time hath drawn the wound to desperate
(state.

23.

Defer not therefore to the comming hower,
For he that at the present is vnapt,
Shall finde delay diminish still his power,
Vntill at length he wholly be intrapt.
Louers excuses seeke of long delay,
And euer fittest deemes the following day.

But

The Remedie of Loue.

24.

But each small minute giues occasion
Of deeper thraldome, Fancy ties by flight :
See how by many streames collection,
There doth arise a flood of wondrous might.
Drops multiplied do grow to running springs,
And springs vaited forth a Riuer brings.

25.

If that thou hadst foreseene how great a sinne,
Myrrha, thy wicked lust did powre on thee,
Thou neuer shouldst haue hid thy shamefull chin
Within the barke of that still weeping tree.
Oft haue I seene an easie soone curde ill
By times processe, surpasse the Leachmans skill.

26.

But for we still delight to taste the fruites
Of melting pleasure, and bewitching Loue,
We wooe our selues with long protracting suites,
And daily promise from it to remoue:
Meane while the flame we feed within vs still,
For deeper rootes the weed and tree of ill.

27.

But if the time of this first cure be past,
And long-fed loue doth lode thy fainting hart,
A worke of greater moment now is cast,
Vpon my promise, and of deeper Art.
Yet will I not cast off the sicke decaide,
Though late it be ere he implores my aide.

B 3

Paantius

The Remedie of Loue.

28.

*P*aartius sonne should haue redeemed his health,
By cutting off that first corrupted part,
Though after many yeares times gon by stealth,
He ending warfare was recorde by Art.
I that but now did launce the wound in haste,
Now wish thou slowly flying time to waste.

29.

Yet seeke to quench those flames, that newly burn,
With those, whose furie past do now decline:
Giue Raynes to running rage, and do not turne
Her race, and she will kill her selfe with time.
Each violence at first is wondrous strong,
And hardly yeeldeth passage vnto wrong.

30.

He is a foole that may the Riuer passe
By small declining vnto either side:
And yet will striue against the streame, alas,
And euer be far from his purpose wide.
Me thinks I see a minde impatient,
That neuer subiect was to Arts true bent.

31.

Contemne this Counsell as of slender skill,
And scorne th'admonisher as fond and vaine:
But then will I apply me to his will,
And vndertake my promise detaske againe.
When as his wounds wil beare a touch, a straine,
And eke himselfe belue I do not faine.

Who

The Remedie of Loue.

32.

Who would forbid the mother for to weepe
Vpon the dead hearse of her dearest sonne?
This is no time that she should patience keepe,
This is no place to say she must haue done:
When with her teares her mind is satisfied,
By words her griefe may best be mollified.

33.

By time must medicines be measur'd forth,
For in fit time wines profit and delight:
But out of season they are little worth,
And brings the body to eternal night.
Moreouer, vnto flax thou addest fire,
Forbidding vice, contraring his desire.

34.

In vnfit times, by ill meanes, or straunge place,
Nor euer shalt thou so thy Patient cure:
When then thou seest thy selfe in better case,
Able or hard prescriptions to endure,
See first thou fly from sloathful Idlenesse,
And still be doing somewhat more or lesse?

35.

Sloath drawes thee on, and leads thee vnto Loue,
Sloath the chiefe cause, and foode of pleasing ill:
Shake off but Sloath, and idle ease remoue,
Blinde *Cupid* shall his arrowes vainely spill: (fall,
His bowe shall breake, and to the ground shall
Yea and his firy brands extinguish all.

B 3

Euen

The Remedie of Loue.

36.

Euen as the *Palme-tree* loues the Riuers sight,
And as the *Alder* ioyes the Waters side,
As Reeds in flymie Marishes delight,
So Loue doth euermore with sloath abide.
Loue hates all busie braines as deadly ill:
If then thou wilt not loue, be busie still.

37.

Languor, and Feeblenesse, and sloathful play,
Time drown'd in Wine, and lost in drowfie sleepe,
Steales from the mind her wonted strength & stay,
Whiles all her spirits dead, no watch do keepe:
Then in slips Traitor Loue her enemye,
And doth depriue her of her libertie.

38.

Loue euermore a shadow is to Sloath,
Attending on her alwaies as her Page,
To be imployde with businesse its loath:
It hates all care, at trouble stil doth rage.
Adde then vnto thy minde some chiefe affaire,
Stil to preferue from Loues infectious ayre.

39.

There are the seates of Iudgements Iustice see:
There are the Lawes go learn to plead for truth;
Thou hast some friend in trouble, set him free:
Thus shalt thou euer fly fond Fancies ruth.
Or clad thy selfe in steele and shining armes,
Pleasure shal fly, and neuer worke thy harmes.
Behold

The Remedie of Loue.

40.

Behold the *Parthian*, who flying fights,
Now Captivate the cause of our new ioyes,
Conquer thou *Cupid's* sensual delights:
As then the *Parthian* hast to his annoy;
So in thy double conquest mayst thou weare
Two *Trophies*, and vnto thy Gods them beare.

41.

As soone as *Venus* from th' *Aeolian* Speare
Receiude her wound, she left the bloodie field,
She left the care of that vnconstant feare
Vnto her Louer, by his strength to wield:
Some aske why fraile *Aegistus* burnd in sinne:
The cause is plaine, Sloath did his vertue winne.

42.

Diuers were slack, and many proued slowe,
Some came but late, before proud *Troyes* wall,
To which the youth of *Greece* did daily goe,
Concluding their long toyle with *Illions* fall.
Would he the exercise of rough warres daine,
His nature could not suffer any paine.

43.

Would he haue spent his speech to plead for right,
Greece wanted matter for his vehement tongue,
All that he could, he did euen to his might,
Least nought he should to Loue he tun'd his song:
So came that childe to vndertake some paine,
So stil he doth a childish boy remaine.

The

The Remedie of Loue.

44.

The Countrey also doth delight the minde,
With pleasant studies of sweet husbandry :
This care the greeuoust cares & griefes doth binde,
Quickly forgets and makes all sorrow flye.
Yoke then thy Oxen well taught to obay,
And furrow vp the earth in good aray.

45.

Bury therein thy quicke and liuely seede,
Which thy fat fields in time shall multiply
Yeelding thee treble gaines with happie speede,
Behold the Apple bough how it doth ply.
And stoope with store of fruit that doth abound,
Scarce able to sustaine them from the ground.

46.

Marke well the gentle musicke of each spring,
Whiles through the Peebles it doth make her way:
See how thy Lambes with tender teeth do wring,
And choyfely crop the sweetest herbes away.
The gentle Lambes that alwaies heard together,
Louers of companie, louing one another.

47.

Loe how the Goates vnto the Rocks do speede,
Their empty dugs for their young kids to fill:
Attend the musick of the Shepheards Reede,
How his true Curre awaites to do his will.
O how the woods resound on euery part,
Of kyne that still bewaile their Calues depart.
How

The Remedie of Loue.

48.

How swarmes of Bees from bitter smoke do fly,
Easing the crooked Pillers of their nest:
How *Autumne* yeeldeth fruites abundantly,
And Sommer welcomes *Ceres* to his feast.
The *Spring* with flowers guilds the pleasant field,
And *Winters* Frost with fier we beguilde.

49.

The Husbandman in time conuenient,
Gathers his Grape, & thence draws pleasant Wine:
The Gardner hath his slips in order bent,
Refines the earth, and plots it with his line.
Euen thou maist plant, and graffe, and set, & sowe,
Cause water many miles through pipes to flowe,

50.

Is it fit time to graffe? make then one Tree,
Adopt an other, and preserue his life,
There let him stand still couered and still free,
From th' iniuries of time, and weathers strife:
Thy minde thus busied with this pleasant care,
Loue disappointed from thee flyeth farre.

51.

Or giue thy minde to Huntings sweet delight,
For stately *Dian* that pursues in chase,
And conquers each vntamed beast in fight,
Giues *Venus* still foule ouerthrowes and base.
Follow the fearefull hart with skilfull hound,
Or with thy net encompasse him around.

C

Adde

The Remedie of Loue.

52.

Adde diuers terrors to the flying hart,
And with thy Speare transfixe the cruell Bore,
So thou all wearie at the dayes depart,
Shalt soundly sleepe till Sun the day restore.
No idle thoughts shall rule thy fantasie,
Nor pleasing dreame thy weaker sense shall trie.

53.

More gentle is that pleasant exercise,
To fowle with shaft, or closely hidden Net,
Nor do these sports of lesse reward dispise,
For also they do *Cupids* treason let:
Or hide thy compast Hooke with pleasing baite,
Deceiuing Fish that do for foode awaite.

54.

With these, and other such, still feed thy minde,
For by thy selfethy selfe must be deceiu'd,
Till thoughts of loue quite vanquished thou finde;
Thou onely (let me herein be beliud)
Though deereft loue implore thee still to stay,
Absent thy selfe by iorneyes euery day.

55.

I know the sweet remembrance of thy loue,
(Which newly thou forsak'st wil cause thee weepe,)
And stay thy foote that it no step remoue,
Altring the purpose, which thou mindst to keepe.
But by how much thou shalt desire to stay,
So much the faster see thou spurre away.

Be

The Remedie of Loue.

56.

Be patient, and learne by dayly vse,
To suffer these afflictions of sicke mindes:
With not for rayne, fit matter of excuse,
Or Sabbathes that from iorneyes doe vs binde,
Nor *Allium*, that most vn lucky thing,
Which euermore with it mischance doth bring.

57.

Thinke not how many thousands thou hast past,
But looke how many miles do yet remaine:
Nor with delay study the time to waste,
To stay neere home do no occasion finde: (houres,
Number thou not the dayes, the weekes the
Nor look thou back vnto thine home-bred bowers.

58.

But fly forth still and with the *Parthian* fight,
Who findes best safety in retyring still,
Some one will call my precepts hard, and right,
He sayes, yea I subscribe vnto his will.
But for to keepe our health in perfect state,
Much must we suffer of a desperate fate.

59.

Oft haue I tasted Sirups of sharpe touch,
Against my will, to cure my maladie:
But when my appetite desired much,
All sorts of meates they did to me deny.
To free thy body from disease and paine,
Both sword, and fire, & what not wilt thou daine?

C 2.

If

The Remedie of Loue.

60.

If that in greatest thirst and moistures lacke,
Thou must not touch one drop of shewring raine,
Then to redeeme thy minde from sorrowes wracke:
Wilt thou refuse to suffer any paine?

Sith it so far exceeds this humane mold
Of base borne flesh vnto corruption fold.

61.

But yet the hardest entrance of our Art,
And greatest labour that surmounts the rest,
Is to endure, and beare the first times smart:
Behold how hard it is, to make th' young beast,
First brooke the yoke, or back an vntam'd lade,
And yet in time they are most gentle made.

62.

But thou art loath to leaue thy Countries bound,
Thy fathers cottage, and his dwelling place,
Yet shalt thou go beyond thy native ground,
Though to returne thou turnest still thy face:
Thou faignest faire excuse, not Countries lack,
But thy faire Mistresse Loue doth call thee back.

63.

Well being past great comfort to thy minde,
Thy iourney, fellowes, and strange fields will bring,
Yet thinke not this sufficient, but beware,
Least thou returne, ere Loue hath tane her wing,
Still absent be, and still vnknowne paths tread,
Till every sparke of Loue lie cold and dead.

For

The Remedie of Loue.

64.

For if thou do returne cur'd but in part,
Loue will againe renew his ciuill warre,
And euery day will still augment thy smart,
Sith thou returnest to thy grieve from farre.
But let him eate the hearbs of *Tbessalie*,
That Magicke thinkes will cure his Maladie.

65.

Yetauncient is that damned Sockerie:
But wise *Appollo*, Poets chieft guide,
Doth point vs out for better meanes to trie:
And certaine helpes, on which we must abide.
Then by my will no Magicke shalbe vfe,
No charming verse which many haue abuse.

66.

No ghost shalbe commaunded to arise
Out of the graue, where it should sleepe in rest:
No witch, whose lims by age growen weatherwise,
Shall cause the earth rend open her wide brest.
Come shall not shift from field to field at all,
Nor shall the Sun growe dim, or wax sad pall.

67.

As erst it did, shall *Romes* faire Riuer pay,
He wonted tribute to the *Midland Sea*:
And stil shall *Phæbe* course her wonted way,
Drawne by her milkwhite steeds, that swiftest be.
No Wisard reading backward shall vncharme,
Or liuing Sulphure driue away Loues harme.

C 3

With

The Remedie of Loue.

68.

What remedy did *Phasis* flowers yeeld
Circe, when thou wouldst not from *Cholcas* god?
What helpt the weedes of all the Persian field
When as the windes *Vlisses* sayles did blow.
Each guile thou didst attempt to make him stay,
A blast of winde yet wasted him away.

69.

Yea thou didst practise through thy deepest arte,
To quench those flames that did molest thy minde,
Yet did they euermore procure thy smart,
And vnto deeper sorow did thee binde.
Thou that couldst change men into diuers kinde
Couldst not reuerse the passions of thy minde.

70.

And when he would depart, thou thoughtst to stay
Him with sweet wordes, with which thou fildst his
I cannot hope, thou saidst, but humbly pray, (feare,
To make me your sole spouse, which much I feare:
Yet am I worthy it, though that thou skorne,
Daughter to *Phæbus* of a goddesse borne.

71.

O yet delay thy iorney some small space;
Short stay for great requitall I require,
With fauour may I aske a smaller grace:
See how the Sea contraries thy desire, (feare:
With troubled Billowes, which should cause thee
Stay then for winde that will thee safely beare.

What

The Remedie of Loue.

72.

What cause hast thou to hasten thus thy flight?
Here stands no aduerse *Troy* to trouble thee;
No foe to call thee forth to bloody fight,
But loue and peace dwels here, from danger free.
Yet onely I from them haue tane this wound,
Which vnto thee subiected hath this ground.

73.

This and much more in vaine her tongue did say,
But wise *Plisses* alwayes stopt his eare;
And hoyfing his braue sayles, fled fast away,
The winde her loue, and words away doth beare.
Yet still her torments did the more increase,
Yet stil of cursed spels she seeketh ease.

74.

But all her magicke, and spright binding arte,
Diminisht nothing of her furious loue,
Ne ought did take from her consuming smart,
Ne ought her helish torments did remoue;
Ye then that fondly loue, and faine would leaue,
In magicke spels doe not atall beleetie.

75.

But if great cause of businesse thee retaine
Within the Citie, where thy mistris dwels,
Follow my counsaile freedome to regaine,
Which for the Cities presence I will tell.
He woonne his freedome and did quite him wel,
That once escape vnworthy loues lowe Hell.

This

The Remedie of Loue.

76.

This thou desirest him, I wonder at,
And of my medicines he shall not need;
To thee alone my Rules I wil relate,
Whose inward wounds do neuer cease to bleed,
Who louest, & wouldst faigne that knot vnbinde,
And know'st not how, & seekst the way to finde.

77.

Recount vnto thy selfe each fittle Art,
Each wicked Act of thine vnworthy Loue:
Vnfold before thine eyes each losse, each smart,
Which by her meanes and for her thou dost proue:
This hath she stolne, & that thus must you say,
Yet this or that will not her stealing stay.

78.

But euen household goods, and gods and all,
She quite hath fold with couetous desire:
Lo thus protesting she doth Record call
Her faith, yet falsifies it, O the foute lyer,
How often hath she shut me out her gate;
There suffering me my sorrowes to relate.

79.

Yea she applies her selfe to straungers last,
And scorne my loue, o most unhappie I,
Vnto her base apprentice she doth trust,
Those secrets which to me she doth denie:
The oft remembrance of such cruell wrong
Will root thy fancie vp though grounded strong.
Present

The Remedie of Loue.

80.

Present them often then to thy sick minde,
For hence the spring shall rise of happy hate,
O would thou couldst seeme eloquent, to binde
More strong perswasions to thy sickly state.

81.

Lately I set my fancy on a maide,
That fully answerd not to my desier,
And therefore striu'd my fancy to haue staide,
A poore Phisition to so great a fyer:
Yet the remembrance of her vilder parts,
Releast the furie of tormenting smarts.

82.

How ill and excellent vnshapt her thigh,
Yet to confesse the truth, it was not so:
How foule her armes, thus would I say and sigh,
Yet if they were not thus, I well did know:
How short of stature, yet her stature tall;
Thus enuie loathsomnesse to me did call.

83.

Good things do neighbour bad, and sit them by,
Oft vertue thus of vice doth beare that blame,
Faigne to thy selfe, and tell thy selfe a ly,
And cloath her vertues with foule vices shame.
Thus shalt thou change thy mind with subtill art,
And weare away thy still encombring smart.

D

If

The Remedie of Loue.

84.

If shee be fat, that shee is swollen say:
If browne, then tawny like the *Affricke* Moore:
If slender, leane, meger, and worne away,
If courtly, wanton, worst of worst before:
If modest, strange, as fitteth woman-head,
Say she is rusticke, clownish, and ill bred.

85.

Yea whatsoeuer gift, (for none hath all)
Thy mistris wants, intreat her still to vse:
If that her voyce be ill, or cunning small,
Importune her to sing, nee'r let her chuse:
If that she cannot moue her feete in measure,
To see her daunce, still let it be thy pleasure.

86.

Is shee of small discourse, and slender wit?
Conuerse with her, that she may wound thine eare,
To instruments hath shee not learn'd to fit
Her fingers? then desire a Lute to heare.
Hath she an ill vncomely and strange gate?
Cause her to walke both earely forth and late.

87.

Hath shee a swelling, and downe hanging breast?
Desire thou still to see her faire white skinne;
Are her teeth blacke or wants shee of the best?
Relate some merry iest that shee may grinne:
Is shee compassionate? tell then some woful case,
So shall she shew thee Anticks in her face.

Earely

The Remedie of Loue.

88.

Earely desire to steale of her a sight,
Ere shee hath cloath'd her with her best attire:
Weare seduced by vaine errors might,
And gay apparell kindles our desire.

Then is shee shrowded all in stone and golde,
And of her selfe, least part her selfe doth holde.

89.

Oft seeke for whom thou lou'st in company,
And great resort of other goodly dames:
By this deuice new loues beguiles thine eye,
And drawes thy first desire to farther blame:

Come all vnthought of sudden in the place,
So shall she be vnarm'd in weaker case.

90.

So shalt thou disappoint her in her guile,
See her defects, and coole thy burning loue;
Yet trust not to this rule, which other while
Fallacious and dangerous doth proue:

For carelesse hauiour that doth banish art,
Hath mighty force, to hold a wounded hart.

91.

Yet whiles with curious skill shee paintes her face,
Be not asham'd, but presse thou to her sight:
Then shalt thou finde her boxes in the place,
Wherein her beauty lyes, and borrowed light.

Then shalt thou see her body all begreaf'd
With ointments that hath thee so greatly pleas'd.

D 2.

Of

The Remedie of Loue.

92.

Of saueur worse then *Phineus* tables were,
Whose filthinesse a plague to him was sent,
With these my stomach could not often beare,
But euermore to ease it selfe was bent;
But now euen what we vse in midst of Loue,
I will thee teach that passion to remoue.

93.

For by all meanes we must this fier expell;
But I do shame euen needfull things to shoue:
Yet thou by those which I to thee shall tell,
Mayst well conceiue the rest, and easie knowe.
For some dispraise my rimes to enuie bent,
And say my Muse is shamelesse impudent.

94.

Yet since I see so many that I please,
That all the world my sporting lines receaue,
Let this, or that man enuie at my ease,
Dispraise my pen, and me of praise bereaue:
Detracting enuie *Homers* writ hath blam'd
Who ere thou be, he *Zoilus* hath nam'd.

95.

Yea sacriligious tongues hath torne thy verse,
By whose good guide the Troyans gaind this land:
The loftiest things *Ioues* thunderbolts do perse;
And winds encounter what doth highest stand.
So enuie euer aymeth at the best,
And will not giue them any time to rest.

But

The Remedie of Loue.

96

But thou, who ere thou be, that thus my Muse
So much offends through looser libertie,
If in thy wrath discretion thou canst vse,
Then to each subiect, his apt verse applie:
Stout warres deserue a *Homer* to display
Their battailes, conflicts, and their good array.

97

What place may there be found for sweet delight,
For Reuels, Triumphs, Loues and merriment;
Matters of State, Tragedians do report,
For loftie Stiles becomes such drirement.
No humble muse must there sound his stil horne,
There buskins, but no base shoes must be worne.

98

The *Iambicke* freely taunts his enemy,
Whether his last foote slow, or swift doth proue,
The legicke sings of loue, and archerie,
With shafts, such as from louers eyes do roue,
And with her louer wantonly doth play,
And sweetly speake, and plead, implore and pray.

99

Achilles honor shines not in the verse
Of *Cyrens* Muse, where sports do better proue,
And stately *Homer*, thou must not reherse,
Cydicke, young *Acontius* dearest loue:
Who can endure *Andromache* should play,
The sports of *Thais*, and her wanton lay:

D 3

Who

The Remedie of Loue.

100.

Who acteth *Thais*, wrongs *Andromache*,
One person cannot fit him to both parts:
But I will play that part, and *Thais* be,
Our sports are libertines, free are our hearts:
Sith then all shame we banish from our verse,
Thais is mine, I will her part rehearse.

101.

If then my lines do fit a wantons lay,
Gnawe thine owne gall, fonde enuy hold thy peace,
For we haue wonne the lasting crowne of bay,
And cleerd the blame wherein we did displease:
Breake enuie, breake in thine owne foule despite,
For we haue got renowne, and glory bright.

102.

For still with honour, fames desire doth grow;
But at the foote of this high climbing hill,
My weary Steeds do pant and faintly goe;
As much to vs by their according will:
Our *Elegies* confesse to vs they owe,
As from his worke to *Virgill* praise doth flowe.

FINIS.

¶ An exposition of the Poeticall examples,
mentioned in this first Booke of the
Remedie of Loue.



DYDIDES, That is Diomedes, the son
of Tydeus & Deiphiles, he was the most
strong & valiant of all the Greekes, ex-
cept Achilles & Ajax: he wounded Ve-
nus in the right hād; whiles shee defended
Æneas, yea, & also Mars, the God of warre, her Para-
mour.

Achilles, in a conflict wounded Telephus king of Mis-
sia, who denied passage to the Grecians through his king-
dome, bound for the siege of Troy, of which when no reme-
die could be found, he receiued from an Oracle, that hee
could not otherwise be healed, but by the same Speare wher-
with he was wounded: Afterwardstherfore being reconciled
to Achillis, he obtained that he might make an emplaster
of the rust thereof, and so was restored to his perfect health.

Phillis, Lycurgus daughter, who entertained Demo-
phoön, returning from the Troian warre, admitted
him to her bed: with cōdition, that assoone as he had orde-
red his home-affayres, he should retorne againe and marry
her. But he being detained by urgent occasions, and stay-
ing longer then the appointed time, shee hanged her selfe,
and gaue an ende to her loue and life, in one instant.

Dido. How she after Æneas departed frō her, sayning
a sacrifice, burned her selfe, it is too vulgar to be repeated.

Troians. A people of Asia.

Medea. The daughter of Æta king of Cholcos, she
entertayned Iason in his expeditiō for the Goldē fleece,
which

The Remedie of Loue.

which she taught him how to win, and after fled away with him, married him, and bare vnto him two sonnes. Afterwards she was forsaken by him, who tooke vnto his second wife, Creusa the daughter of Creon, King of Corinth, which Medea tooke so greenously, that artificially enclosing fire in a Forcet, sent it vnto her for a token: with which, shee and the Pallace before day was burnt vp. Herewith Iason being enflamed, ran forth to be reuenged on her, but she seeing him comming, tooke vp her two sonnes which he begate on her, and in their fathers sight murdered them, by cutting their throates, and then through her witchcraft she was taken vp into the Clowdes, and so went vnto Athens.

Tereus. } Tereus hauing rauished Philomela,
Philomela. } (who went to see her sister Progne
whom he had married) that his sinne might not be disclosed he cut off her tongue, and imprisoned her, but being a cunning workwoman, she wrote the whole processe of her injury in an handkercheffe, and sent it to her sister: who in reuenge thereof, killed her owne sonne Itys, and gaue his flesh boyled & roasted vnto her husband to eate: vnto whom, after he had wel fed thereon, she presented the childes head: wherat he being angry, followed his wife to haue slaine her, but she was turned into a Nightingale, & he into that bird which the Latines cal Vpupa, and some falsly translate, a Lapwing.

Pasiphae, The wife of Mirios, who being in loue with a Bull, by the helpe of Dedalus her Bawde, found out a way how she might lie with him: yea she cōceiued & brought out a Minotaure, which was half a mā & half a Bull: which being enclosed in the Labyrinth, was after slain by Theseus.

Phædra, Wife to Theseus, who falsly accused Hippolit^{us}
his

The Remedie of Loue.

his sonne of whoredome, because hee would not satisfie her lust, in lying with her, and so wrought his death.

Hee is not I thinke, that hath not heard how Paris king Priamus his sonne of Troy, stole Hellen from Greece, how the Græcians, which are a people of Europe, in reuenge, after 10. yeeres siege, destroyed Troy, called also by the name of Pergamus: wherefore we will ease our margeant of this tedious note.

Scylla, daughter to Nifus, who falling in loue with Minos her fathers enemye, cut off his golde hayre, and presented him therewith, thinking by this great argument of her loue, to win his grace: but he, though by her meanes he ouercame her father, hated so much her impietie, that hee utterly refused her, and she, throwing her selfe into the sea, at his departure, to swimme after him, was turned into the bird Ciris, a Larke. Ouid.

Prophet, that is Apollo, whom Poets doe make their God: hence are they crowned with Lawrell, which tree is consecrated to him: hee also for his skill in the natures of hearbes, is recorded for the inuenter or finder out of that most necessary Art of Physicke.

Myrrha, the daughter of Cinarus king of Cyprus, who desiring her fathers companie, by the deuice of her Nurse, enioyed her filthie lust: and was deliuered of Adonis: which when her father knew, he would haue slayne her, but she flying from his fury, was turned into a tree of that name, which euermore weepeth as it were, and lamenteth her impietie.

Pæantius sonne, that is Philoctetes, the companio of Hercules, who after his death enioyed his arrowes, and being drawne to the Troian warre, by the fall of one of them was wounded in his foote, which grew to be almost insure-

The Remedie of Loue.

able: for which cause he was left behind in the Ile of Lemnos, & after by Vlisses was fetcht vnto Troy, which being sackt, he went into Calabria, where Machaon restored him to health.

Cupid, the sonne of Venus, Loues archer. &c.

Parthian, a people of Asia, in auncient times the most earnest enemies of the Romans, they excelled in shooting, which they so used in flight, that they more endamaged their foes thereby, then by any handy conflict, and yet defended themselves also. Of which Iustine lib. 41. Fugam sepe simulant, vt incautiores aduersus vulnera insequentes habeant. & paulo post. Plerumq; in ipso ardore certamini praelia deserunt, & paulo post pugnam & fugam repetunt, & cum maximè vicisse te putet tunc tibi discrimen subeundum est.

Æolion speare, Diomedes speare, looke this before.

Aegistus, the sonne of Thiestis by Pelopeia, he murdered Agamemnon, being ayded by his wicked wife Clytemnestra, whom he used in whoredome and beastly lust, and was after slaine himselfe by Orestes, Agamemnon's sonne.

Ceres, the Inuentrix of plowing and tilling, sowing corne, and making bread.

Diana, daughter to Iupiter & Latona, and brother to Apollo by the same birth, she, for the loue of virginity, fled the company of men, and inhabited the woods, delighting her selfe with hunting, whence she is named: The Lady and goddesse of Hunters.

Allium, by this hearbe which we call garlick, antiquitie hath noted hieroglifically euill lucke.

Thessalie, a countrey in Greece, first named Æmonia; whither Medea fled with Iason, after that by her helpe he had overcome the Dragon: in it there were great
store

The Remedie of Loue.

store of witches, and it aboundeth with hearbes, which they thinke most needfull for their mischieuous practises.

Romes fayre riuer Tiber, so named from Tiberius, king of Albania, who was drowned therein, as Liuius our Poet, fast. 2. recordeth. These wonders which Ouid here reciteth, are but the effects of coniuration, the sense of all is but this: as if he had sayd: Seeke not to expell loue by spelles, coniuration or witchcraft, because they haue no force to remoue it.

That part of the Ocean which entereth at Hercules Pillars & Midland sea, goeth East to Tripolis, & then North to Constantinople. And the Ocean is all that sea which compasseth the now 4. and according to some, the 6. knowne continents or parts of the earth.

Phoebe, the same whom they call Diana, Cynthia & Luna, of vs, the Moone, sister to Phoebus the Sunne, from whom she hath her name: some faigne that her chariot is drawne with white horses, some with fishes.

Phasis, whiles Vlisses in his wanderings through the Midland seas eschewed the rough waters Lestrigoniae, he was by tempest driuen vnto Colchos, where Circe inhabited, a great and skilfull Sorceresse, who being in loue with him, restored his companions into their former shapes of men, being now transformed into Hogges. But when notwithstanding he would needs depart and leaue her, she did what she could by charmes & incantations to stay him, but they proued all wayne, and she utterly forsaken. Phasis is a great riuer in that countrey and Towne also, situate on that riuer in Colchos a countrey of Asia, full of hearbes which they vse in their witchcraftes: as Hor. Car. l. 2. od. witnesseth. Ille & venena Colchica & quicquid vquam concipitur nefas tractauit.

The Remedie of Loue.

In this countrey, Circe & Medea two notable witches inhabited,

Daughter to Phæbus of a goddesse borne. For Circe was daughter to the Sonne, by the Nymph Perfes.

Affricke, one of the 4. partes of the world. &c.

Phineus, the sonne of Agenor king of Arcadia, according to some, he married Sthenobea, on whome he begate Orythrus and Crambus, whom by the perswasion of their mother in Law Harpalicæ his second wife, he caused to be made blind: for which impietie, himselfe first lost his sight, then was vexed by the filthie birds or monsters called Harpeiæ: and lastly was slayne by Hercules. After hee found his vnfortunate sonnes wandering on the desolate mountaines, and understood their miseries.

Homer, whose diuine poesie is admired of all men, but Zoilus a Sophister, who liued in the time of Ptolomie, to whom he dedicated his worke, wrote against him, and expected some great reward for his labour. But in long and vayne expectation he grew very penurious, insomuch that hee procured one to begge somewhat of the king for his reliefe: to whom Ptol. answered, That he wondred, that whereas Homer had sustained the liues of so many thousands, so long before dead, he being more learned then Homer, should be so beggerly, as not able to maintaine himselfe. From him all other Detractors are commonly called Zoili.

Ioues thunderbolt, the lightning, &c.

Iambicke, a most rayling and bitter kind of verse, &c.

Elegies, another sorte of verse, and used in another fashion, for being most mild and pleasant, is used in the Cantoes, Sonnets, & complaints of louers and disports.

Cyrens

The Remedie of Loue.

Cyrens muse, Chalimachus borne in Cyrene, the most excellent writer of Elegies amongst the Grecians: he wrote a notable worke of the beginnings & first institution of sacrifices and holy dayes, not unlike unto our Poets bookes De fastis, but he intituled his Ætia.

Acontius & Cydippe, a pleasant Comicke fiction. Acontius a young man of Coa, who going unto Delos, to the sacrifice of Diana, fell in loue with Cydippe, but despayring thereof, because he neither equalled her in birth or riches, he wrote on an apple, at the least to testifie his loue, these two verses.

Iuro tibi sacrae per mystica sacra Diana

Me tibi venturum comitem, sponsumq; futurum.

Which she finding and reading, unwitting who it was that wrote it, rashly swore to marry him: And afterwards as often as she should haue bin married to any other, she fell into some grienous sicknesse, so that the matter being opened to her parents, they were contented in the end to make this marriage.

Andromache, the wife of Hector, whom after Pyrrhus carried into Greece, and married to Hellen, another of Priams children.

Thais, a notable strumpet, borne in Alexandria, that to encrease her gaynes, went unto Athens, whose name the comicke Poet Mænander, celebrated in his verse.

FINIS.



To the Reader.



Thought it not amisse (courteous Reader) to adioyne vnto this small labour of mine, these two following Epistles, of which one is translated out of Ouid, the other is an answer therevnto. Which chiefly I did, least the sweete exercises of that honorable and thrise renowned Sapho of our times, should euen the least of them, be lost in the obscure night of sad silence, and Obluion: and then, especially the subiect, and the matter so fitly agreeing and participating with the former, I could not but couple them together in all points else, a most vnequall match. Wherein I hope the greatest fault that I haue committed, is, but that it hath not the first place. Yet take this old Prouerbe with a right application for my iust excuse.

† All is well that endeth well. And so end I.

Reader farewell.



The Remedie of Loue.



Dido to Æneas.

*Æneas would from Dido part,
But Dido not content,
She mou'd him first with words,
And then this Letter sent.*

SO at *Meanders* streames,
when fates bids life be gone:
The snowe white Swan on mossie grasse,
out-stretched tunes his mone.
Not hoping thee to moue,
this suite I vndertake,
The heauens at the motion fround
when first we did it make:
But fame of due desert,
my body and my minde
So lewdly lost; the losse is light,
to loose these words of winde.
Resolu'd thou art to go,
and wofull *Dido* leaue:
Those windes shall blowe thy faith away
that shall thy failes vpheauē.
Resolu'd thy ships at once,
and promise to vntic,
To seeke Italian Realmes, which yet
thou knowst not where they lie.
Nought mou'd, with *Carthage* new,
nor walles that growing be,

Non

The Remedie of Loue.

Nor that there was committed all
the soueraigntie to thee.
Thou leauest things full made,
thou seekest new to make,
To search about for Lands vnfound,
Land found thou doest forsake.
But graunt the land thou finde,
to thee who will it giue?
Why will the foyle to straungers yeeld,
whereon themselves do liue?
Thou must an other Loue,
An other *Dido* finde:
And which againe thou maist vndo,
An other promise binde.
When wilt thou into forme
a Towne like *Carthage* bring:
And from thy Pallace top behold,
thy subiects as their King?
If all things else succeed,
and nothing crosse thy minde:
What place will euer yeeld to thee
a wife to thee so kinde?
For I like waxen torch
in Sulphur rold do burne:
Each day, each night *Aeneas* makes
vnto my thoughts returne.
Vnthankfull he indeed,
And deafe to what I giue:
And such, as were I not a foole,
I would without him liue.
Yet though his thoughts be ill,
I hate him not therefore:

Complaine

The Remedie of Loue.

Complaine I do of his vntroath,
complaining Loue therefore.
Thy daughter *Venus* spare,
thy brother hard embrace:
O brother Loue, within thy Campe,
point him a Souldiers place.
Or me, who first began,
for Loue I not disdaine,
Let him but onely subiect yeeld,
to this my carefull paine.
But ah I am beguilde,
his bostes are bosted lyes:
Of mothers line: from mothers kinde,
in all his course he flies.
Thee some vnwieldie stone,
or Rockey Mountaines bred:
Or oakes which on high rocks do grow,
or beasts by Rauens fed.
Or Sea with windes turmoild,
as now thou seest it sho:
Yet thitherward art ready bent,
in spight of waues to go.
What mean'st thou? winter lets,
let winters suite preuaile:
See with what force the Easterne blasts
the rolling waues assaile.
Since windes and waters do,
then thou more iustice showe,
Let me, what more to thee I would,
to winde and waters owe.
I am not so much worth,
which sure thou dost not thinke.

The Remedie of Loue.

That while on Seas from me thou flyest,
thy selfe in Seas shouldst shrinke.
Thou precious hatred bear'st,
and pearst exceeding hie:
If so thou mayst of me be rid,
thou count it cheape to die.
The windes their windie force
anon will lay aside:
And *Triton* will with Azure steeds
On leueld waters glide.
Now (would the gods) as they
so thou couldst chaunged be:
Thou wilt vnles thy hardnesse do
far passe the hardest tree.
What if of furious Seas
the force thou didst not know?
Which tride so oft and found so ill,
yet still to sea wilt go.
And though they serue at will,
when thou dost Anchors way:
Yet in so long a voyage, chaunce
no fewe mischaunces may.
And sure to crosse the Seas,
small fruite faith-breakers gaine:
That place on false deceiuers doth
inflict their falshoods paine.
But most when Loue is wrongd,
for why? of Loue the Dame,
First naked out of watrie waues,
about *Cythera* came.
Least hurt who hurteth me
vndone, vndo I shall,

The Remedie of Loue.

I feare, and least by wrack on seas,
In seas my foes shall fall.
Liue: so I better shall
then thee by death destroy:
Thou of my death, not I of thine,
the Title shall enioy.
Suppose a whirlwinde swift,
God make these words but wi nde
Catch thee vnwares, what courage the,
what thoughts will passe thy minde?
Loe, straight with falshood fraught,
thy periur'd tongue appeares.
And *Dido* driuen by *Troians* guile,
of life to short her yeares.
Of thy betraied wife,
will stand before thy sight:
The Image sad; disheneiled,
with bleeding wounds bedight.
Let come (then wilt thou say)
I haue deseru'd this all:
And bent at thee thou wilt suppose,
what euer lightnings fall.
Both seas and thou do rage,,
let both and breathing take:
This small delay (no small reward)
thy Iourney safe shall make.
For thee my care is least,
thy childe let spared be:
Thou hast the glory of my death,
sufficient that for thee.
What hath thy little sonne?
what hath thy gods deseru'd?

The Remedie of Loue.

That them the waters swallow should
from fyers force preferu'd.
But false thou hast no such,
as me thy brags haue told,
Nor euer didst on shoulders lift,
thy gods and father old.
Thou lyeest in this and all,
thy tongue his guilefull part
Begins not first on me to play,
nor I first feele the smart.
Aske where the mother is,
of faire *Iulus* gone:
Her stonie husband her forfooke,
and so she died alone.
It pittied me to heare,
which iust recompence:
For me had bene, but that such paine
is lesse then mine offence.
That thee thy gods condemne,
my heart doth me assure:
Who seuen yeares now on land on seas
such tossing doest endure.
I thee by wrack vpthrow'n
in harbour sure did saue,
And scarcely hauing heard thy name,
to thee my Kingdome gaue.
O would with these good turnes
I me content had found:
And that in famous fame of mine
were buried deepe in ground.
That day my woe was wrought,
when vnder stooping bower

The Remedie of Loue.

Of mossie denne we met alone,
compeld by sodaine shower.
Some howling sounds I heard,
the *Nymphs* I thought did so,
They *Furies* were, who in that sort
foretold my fatall woe.
Chast Law of shamefast Loue,
reuenge on me this blame:
Ill to *Sichens* kept, to whom
aye me I go with shame.
Whose sacred Image I
in marble Chappell keepe,
With leaue branches hid from sight,
and wooll of whitest sheepe.
Hence thrice I heard me cald,
I knew his well knowne voyce,
Himselfe thrice sayd : *Come Dido, Come:*
with softly wispring noyse.
I come without delay,
which once was onely thine,
Yet me the more to linger makes,
this shamefull fact of mine.
But pardon thou my fault,
whose deed might well deceaue,
To others he in mine offence,
the lesse offence doth leaue.
His mother heauens Impe,
his fire a godly lode,
Vnto his sonne by reason bred
sure hope of his abode.
If needs I must haue er'd
mine error had good ground,

The Remedie of Loue.

Put faith in him, he no way els
vnworthy shall be found.
My faults to end persist,
as they at first begun:
And their vnluckie spindels still
in one like tenor run.
My husband fell to ground
before the Altars flaine,
My brother of that wicked act
doth reape the wicked gaine.
My selfe exild, his graue
and countrey both forsake:
And forced am, by foe pursude
vneasie wayes to take.
I land on land vnknowne
escapt from foe and waue:
And bought the shore which freely yet
to thee false wretch I gaue.
A Towne I built, whose wals
far out extended lie:
Prouoking places neere about
maligning to enuie.
Wars grow, poore stranger I,
and woman vext with warres:
Scarfe know how armour to prouide
and strength my gate with barres.
When thousands to me su'de:
now all against me come:
Grieu'd that before their beds, I haue
preferd I know not whom.
Why stick'st to yeeld me bownd
into *Hiarbas* hands,

The Remedie of Loue.

I will not sticke to yeeld mine armes
to bide thy wicked bands.
A brother eke I haue,
who wicked hands anew,
Imbrewed first in husbands blood,
would faine in mine imbrew.
Lay downe thy sacred Gods,
whom touching dost pollute,
Vnseemly with vngodly hands
doth godly worship sute.
If they from fire escapt,
that thou mightst them adore:
That euer they escapt from fire
thy Gods repent them sore.
And what, ô wicked man,
with child if *Dido* be:
And of thy selfe some part of thee
there lies inclosde in me?
The Dame and ruthfull babe
at once shall be forlorne:
And by thy meanes to death be broght
who yet was neuer borne.
So with his parent shall
Iulus brother die:
One death at once shall two dispatch,
whose liues in one doth lie.
But God bids thee to go,
would God he had forbid
To come; that of thy *Troian* troupes
my *Carthage* had bin rid.
This God no doubt your guide,
doth you those tempests rayse:

And

The Remedie of Loue.

And makes you on those flowing floods
so long to spend your dayes.

To *Troy* backe to turne,
it scarce were worth thy payne:

If as whiles *Hector* liu'd it was,
so now it were againe.

Not to *Seamander* you,
but *Tibers* streames doe goe,

Where graunt ariu'd, what are you els,
but such as no man know?

But as that land is hid,
and from thy fleet doth make,
It seemes old age will sooner thee,
then thou it ouertake.

Yet rather as my dower,
this Realme of mine receaue,
With all *Pigmaliions* wealth I brought,
and farther wandering leaue.

And into *Carthage Troy*
with better hap translate,
Where thou shalt sacred Scepter beare,
enthron'd in royall state.

If thou do wars affect,
or if thy sonnes desire,
Of triumph matter to procure
by martiall meanes aspire:

That nought may wanting be,
such foes we will him yeild,
This place for lawes of peace is apt,
apt is for speare and sheeld.

Now by thy mother thou
thy brother quier'd boy,

The Remedie of Loue.

By the companions of thy flight,
thy gods, the gods of *Troy*,
So may thy remnant left,
in field all conquest win,
As *Troian* warre of all thy losse,
the finall end haue bin.
Ascanius liue his yeeres,
with all good fortune blest:
And softly may the buried bones
of old *Anchises* rest.
Spare now, o spare thine house,
which giues it selfe to thee:
But that indeed I haue thee lou'd,
what fault canst find in me?
Of *Pythia* I am not,
nor great *Mycene* borne,
My husband nor my father hath
against thee armour worne.
Of wife if thou thinke skorne,
not wife, cut hostesse call:
So thine she be, what *Dido* be,
she nought regards at all.
The seas to me are knowne,
on *Affricke* coast that lie:
At times they do free passage graunt,
at times they do denie.
When weather will permit,
hoysse sayle and fet from land:
For now the lauuching of thy shippes
the flowing weedes withstand.
Charge me to wait the time
thou shalt go sure away:

The Remedie of Loue.

Not then, no though thy selfe desire,
my selfe will let thee stay.
Thy mates some rest require,
thy Fleet fore rent with waues:
And scarfely yet halfe rigd anew,
for some small respite craues.
For what haue I deseru'd?
what owe to thee I may
Henceforth, for all my marriage hopes,
I craue but small delay.
Whiles stormie seas grow calme,
while custome tempers loue:
How patiently mishaps to beare,
I shall the practise proue.
If not, my life to spill
with full intent I mind:
Of crueltie thou canst not long
in me a subiect find.
Would God thou didst but see
mine Image as I wright:
I wright, and full against my breast
thy naked sword is pight.
And downe my cheeks along
the teares do trickling fall:
Which by and by in stead of teares,
ingrayne in blood I shall.
How well with this my fate,
these gifts of thine agree,
To furnish out my funerall,
the cost will slender be.
My breast shall not be now
first pierced with this blade,

For

The Remedie of Loue.

For why? there is a former wound,
which cruell Loue hath made.

Anne sister, sister *Anne*,

ill priuie to my salt,

Performe thy last obsequious loue,
vnto my bones thou shalt.

When flames haue me consum'd,
write not on marble graue:

Here Dido lies, Sicheus wife.

but this verse let me haue.

Aeneas, Dido gaue

both cause and sword of death:

And Dido vsing her owne hand,
depru'd her selfe of breath.

G 2

Aeneas



The Remedie of Loue.

Aeneas to Dido.

*Aeneas read what Dido wrote,
And sent her this replie;
And sought to cure the curelesse wound,
Which Dido made to die.*

(Troy)
When my deare Countrey once most stately
Of *Asie* Queene of gods the handy worke,
Mine eyes beheld the furious flames destroy,
Which hidden erst in wodden horse did lurke.
I deemd me drownd in deepest gulfes of wo,
Deeper then which, no grieue could make me go.

But when my fortune guided me to see
Poore old Prince *Priam* at the Altar flaine,
More deepe then deepest fell I one degree,
And felt increast my past increasing paine.
And cryed enrag'd : *Conspire now heauens all,*
I am at worst, no worse can me befall.

Yet since *Creusa* my most louing wife,
Of noblest birth, and no lesse noble mind:
My deare *Creusa* loued more then life,
In haplesse haste I flying left behind:
Where weary she, or missing of her way,
To bloody *Greekes*, a bloody death did pay.

And

The Remedie of Loue.

And since my father comfort of my care,
I lost likewise, by death from me bereft,
My faithfull friends, by shipwrack swallowed are:
And is there yet some further sorrow left?
Some further wrack to make me more accurst?
Since fier, sword, seas, & death haue done their
(worst?)

In vaine alas I doubt of what I know,
And seeke at thee what in my selfe I finde,
I muse: Liue I and know this: thee forgoe,
To whom so many, such deserts me binde.
What words can serue this anguish to display,
Where waight of woe, doth reason ouerway?

Yet since thy selfe hast made thy pen descry
Thy griefes to me, which I with grieve haue red:
Vouchsafe (sweet Queene) to lend these lines thine
And daine to know what reasons haue me led. (eye,
And as thou knowst them, take them to be true,
The truer they, the more their truth I rue.

And first (O Queene) I neuer will denie,
On me bestow'd more fauours can be told,
By any words; nor euer greue shall I,
Elisas name in memorie to hold:
Whiles of my selfe, my selfe shall mindfull bide,
Whiles liuely breath, these lims of mine shal gide.

The Remedie of Loue.

But for the rest, in brieft I neuer ment,
(Deeme not amisse) by stealth my flight to take:
Nor neuer yet pretended such intent
To any wife, an husband me to make.

I sought it not, I came for no such band,
When tost by seas, I lighted on this Land.

If friendly Fates such grace to me would yeeld,
As there to rest, where I to rest would choose:
Sweete *Troy* that now liest equall with the feeld,
Thou shouldst at least, not all thy bewties loose.
In thee rebuilt againe I would replace,
The vanquisht remnant of the *Troian* race.

But now *Appollo* bids to *Italie*,
To *Italie* the *Lycian* gods commaund:
Here must our home, our rest, our countrey bee:
To this our Loue, to this our life is paund.
If thou a stranger, countries strange mightst seeke,
What in like case, lets vs to do the leeke.

I neuer do recline my head to rest,
When night the Earth in moystie shade bewraps:
But fancie straight with fearefull sights opprest,
Presents my father in sleepe-waking naps.
This place with terror bidding me to leaue,
And not my sonne of fatall Lands bereaue.

And

The Remedie of Loue.

And now of Gods the fatall Messenger
From *Ioue* himfelfe (they both my witnesse be)
Hath message brought, I saw the god most cleere:
I plainly heard what words he spake to me.
Leaue then with plaints to set vs both on fier,
Constrained I go, not with wine owne defier.

And what wight can necessitie resist,
Whose Iron bands, both men and gods enchaine?
What she hath spun, who striueth to vntwist,
Or sencelesse is, or pleasure takes in paine?
The sturdie tree holds not his foote so fast,
As lythie Reed, that bends to euery blast.

Who euer saw those, which of *Neptunes* land
The waued soyle with yoked Ores to plow:
With top and top against the storme to stand,
Which *Aol's* youth with blustering breath doth blow,
They rather yeeld vnto his windie will,
Then choose their liues in bootlesse strife to spill.

And is it then my life I hold so deare,
That life to hold, I *Dido* would forgoe?
Or is it death that I so much do feare,
That death to flye I would procure her woe?
Then Gods me graunt a liuing death to leade
In greefe, in shame, still dying neuer dead.

But

The Remedie of Loue.

But care of my succeeding progenie,
To whom by fates forepointed is their place:
To whom by heauens of earthly Monarchie,
The crowne to weare foregraunted is the grace:
This care I say, with care for to fulfill,
The gods behest reuerfed hath my will.

And honors selfe, (which long a sleepe hath laine,
Rockt in Loues cradle) now awaked new,
Cries on vs both: and shall he crie in vaine:
To leaue him quite, or yeeld him seruice dew:
You hitherto haue euer famous beene,
Forget not now, what fame becomes a Queene.

And me whom men (perhaps vnworthy) call,
The godly wight and second vnto none:
In Pietie, from pietie to fall,
Were fouler blot, then any other one.
Admit (O Queene) that I by thee be staid,
By wandring Fame, what will of both be said.

Loe here the man that out of *Troy* burn'd,
Preferu'd his gods, now quite by him condemn'd:
Lo here whose chaste affection cleane is turn'd
To lawlesse lust, late by her selfe condemn'd.
He leaud, she light, he wicked, the vnwife,
This fame to earth, this earth will blaze to skies.

You

The Remedie of Loue.

You know that Monsters many eyes and eares,
Listning and prying still to heare and see,
Her tongues and wings which infinite she beares,
As lying oft, so flying alwayes be.
Of Peeres and Princes euer speaking worst,
It is her kind, she was by enuie nursed.

You thoughtlesse sit within your Princely bower,
Or minding only loue or liues delight:
Your fame meanetime, like tender springtide flower
The busie blasts of bitter tongues do bite. (thought
Each deed, each word, yea countenance and
Of simplest sort, are vnder censure brought.

It is our fate, if not our fault it be,
Which highest mounted, set on Fortunes wheele,
With our owne sense we neither heare nor see,
Which makes vs pinched long before we feele.
For foes are pleas'd and would it not amend,
And friends are grieu'd, yet dare not vs offend.

Go then *Aeneas*, honor bids thee goe,
Honour vnto whose yoke the freest necks are thrall:
For her sake fly, if wilt not for thine owne:
Though what herein befals, to both befall.
Protesting still that no mislike or hate,
Mou'd thee to go, but force of cruell fate.

H

For

The Remedie of Loue.

For were but *Dido* halfe so finely formd,
VVere *Didos* eyes but halfe so beanie I cate:
VVere *Didos* face, but such as might be scornd,
Her Country poore, her Towne a simple seate,
Yet hauing there such louing kindnesse found,
VVhat flinty breast to loue would not be bound.

Much more in me, kind-hearted *Venus* child:
Not by the lame Smith, but her lustie Loue:
My blinded brother might his bower build,
VVhere so great helps encourage him to proue,
Her forme, her face, her eyes, her seate, her soyle,
Disdaining match, so farre from taking foyle.

I both *Oenone* and the *Spartan* Queene,
I courtly Dames, and Nymphs of woods and wels:
I haue *Chryseis* & *Bryseis* scene,
Yea, *Venus* selfe, in whom perfection dwels.
But if some god to chuse would me assigne,
I all would prayse, but *Dido* should be mine.

But hard's my choise, when there the thundering
(*Ioue*, destruction threatens if I disobay:
And here my friendly foe, heart-pursuing Loue,
By all his powers, coniures my mind to stay.
Alas, ye gods, your discord lay aside,
I am but one, and cannot go and bide.

The Remedie of Loue.

Or *Ioue* frame thou my destinies anew,
Allot to others fertile *truite*,
Or rather Loue at once bid both adew,
And both restore to former libertie.
By reasons rule, the younger and the child,
Should to the elder and the father yeild.

But thou madde dogge, whose reason lies in rage: A
Who no rule els, but retchlesnes doth know,
Nor reuerence bearest to thy fathers age,
Nor from thy brother canst abstaine thy blow.
And least for that fault might with thee be found
By onely vs, thou didst thy mother wound.

But not to loue, nor any els that dwell
In starrie house, I for my selfe would speake,
Let gods, let men, let ghosts of gastly hell,
Their wrath on me, with all their mallice wreake:
Let me be tost as erst, with wracke on seas,
With warre on land, nor here nor there in ease.

Let all that els can mind or body griene,
Griue without meane, my body and my minde:
Only to thee, that only didst relieue
My woes and wants, let me not proue vnkind.
But thankfull still, that same may so relate
Me thankful still, but stil infortunate.

The Remedie of Loue.

For where the Seas before mine eyes thou set,
With other daungers likely to ensue:
And how I will another *Dido* get,
Alas I meane no getting of a new.
My head is busied more a thousand fold,
How since I must, I may forgo the old.

And who hath past as I, the stormes of fire,
Which crazie towers threw topsie turuie downe:
Will litle care, though winters stormie Ire
With swelling face, makes *Tethis* face to frowne.
In sum, I can all paine with patience take,
But not (ô *Queene*) with patience thee forsake.

Not that I doubt least proud *Hyarbas* power,
Shall able be, to make my *Dido* thrall:
Carthage is strong with many a mightie tower,
With broad deepe ditch, vauntgarding stately wall.
This may and will thee from the Tyrant rid,
Thee from thy selfe, ô Gods the luck forbid.

Where Loue with losse, Impatient meetes with Ire,
Shame calls in sorrow, hatred brings disdaine;
And all in one, do oftentimes conspire,
To kill the Patient, so to cure the paine.
Which done, for shame away each other slides,
But shame, as shamelesse euermore abides.

Far

The Remedie of Loue.

Far better read sometimes a Wizard old,
How of lost Loue to ease the curelesse wound:
When *Paris* left her to honour told,
Wherein she said, she greatest comfort found.
Her hearbs and charmes eased not so her hart,
As these plaine precepts of his homely Art.

He bad her banish both from sight and minde,
All Monuments, but chiefly from her sight:
VVhich he departing thence, did leave behinde,
As pictures, garments, armes, and all that might
His absent person to remembrance bring:
For loue of sight, sight doth from object spring.

Refraine (qd. he) from comming in the place,
VVhich hath bene priuie to your sweetest ioyes:
Neuer record, or euer with disgrace
His words and deeds, but cause of your annoyes.
Deem him & them, and when you think him on,
Thinke what cause had the Traitor to be gon.

But yet at first in no sort seeke to swage,
These eager torments of heart-breaking grieve:
But whiles Rage runneth, yeeld to running rage,
Till time takes truce, and respite brings reliefe.
For mightie beasts, and mightie passions both,
By following tam'd, by stop are made more wroth.

The Remedie of Loue.

Obferue thou himſelfe / die to this cure,
That I denie and loane meſſe thou ſieſt
That vertuous accounts ſtill thou haue in vre,
And fortifyour ſelfe with fitting companie,
For Loue erects in idle breasts his throne,
And like a Monach loues to ſit alone.

Thus much and more the good old man did teach,
That *Ida Nymph*, in that forſaken ſtate,
As he was hers; ſo let him be your leach,
Since vnto me all praier comes too late.
Religion, Honour, Destinies decree,
Three by poore one, how can reſiſted bee?

Tout Seule.

SINIS.